

FLEISCHER'S ANIMATED NEWS

VOL. 2 AUGUST 1939



The Editor Sez

Labor saving devices have become so common and so much a part of our daily living, that scarcely any thought is given to them. These automations wash dishes, sweep floors, light our houses and offices, start our automobiles and run them. Adding machines do our calculations and typewriters will do the writing. But the one thing they cannot do is think. Each one has to do that for himself.

Probably one of the first labor saving devices, was a dead log lying by some river, thousands of years ago. The pre-historic man found he could sit on the log and float down the river at a rapid pace. At least more rapidly than he could walk over the rocks and through the tangled brush. At the end of his journey, he undoubtedly found out that the log would not float back up the stream. It was thousands of years before he acquired enough reasoning power to develop a method of propelling the log or a craft up stream.

There are people today who are, figuratively speaking, still riding a floating log down stream, and not using their native intelligence and perhaps not caring what their destination is or what they will do when they get there. In later years they will wonder what they did with their time and perhaps wonder regretfully, why they are not more prosperous.

We are surrounded by labor saving devices. They are aids to our work. With them we can do better work, faster. If these devices are used intelligently, they will save mental and physical strain; leave more time for recreation and culture. And through their intelligent use, new and better devices may be invented.

The motion picture industry today owes its growth and present perfection to the untiring thinkers who worked incessantly to find newer, better and easier ways of accomplishing their ends, and the work is still going on. Some of the first animated cartoons were finished only after Herculean labor, and months of work. We would laugh at the methods now, but it was the foundation of this industry. One of the methods was to draw each picture complete, these were stuck upright on a cylinder and cranked around. A wooden finger flipped the top of the picture, like one of those boys kids get and run their thumb over the edges and get the illusion of animation. It can readily be seen what a terrific job it was to make an animated cartoon. Today, after many years of concentrated work many labor saving devices have been invented and we have the cartoon in the perfection we see it today. The Fleischer Studios are responsible for many of these devices. Experimentation goes on and no one can tell what the future holds, but those who know say, that the possibilities are unlimited.

TINTYPES

By Roberta



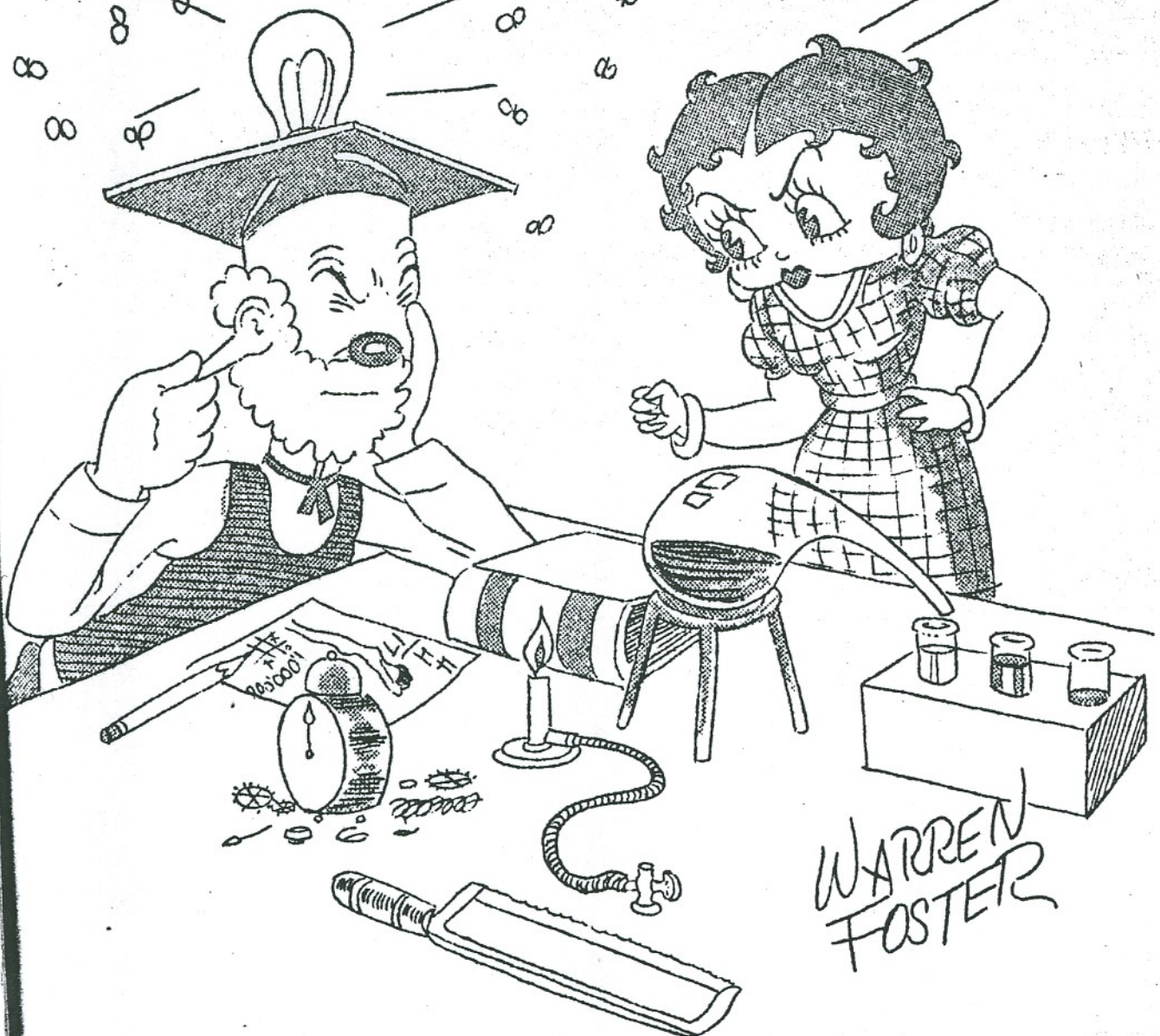
NORMA FAIN was born in New York City. She missed being a Christmas present to her parents by 15 days. She was named Naomi, but while still a small child someone started calling her Norma and the name stuck. She spent a normal childhood and unlike most children, never got lost. Her childhood ambition was to learn to play piano well and she was taking lessons 'til a few months ago. She attended private and public schools and later Hunter High School, still later she attended Wadleigh High School. She was not fond of school, one main reason being she objected to doing homework. The teachers, however, had other ideas. In high-school, her stumbling block was Latin. When the conjugations and declensions got too much for her, she would cut classes and take in a local movie or sit in the park. She then decided to take a complete business course at the Collegiate Secretarial Institute.

Norma measures five feet six inches in her bare feet, but we never see her in her bare feet. She tips the scale at 125 lbs. She has brown curly hair which she wears in a long bob parted in the middle. She has large brown eyes fringed with lashes that curl way up to "thar". She had a large mole on her back that she had removed a couple of years ago. (She got tired carrying it around.) She has an olive complexion that takes a grand tan. She uses vivid lipstick and equally vivid nail polish. Her nails are her pride and joy. She colors them from the base to the tip, giving a rather bizarre effect. She likes a variety of styles in clothes, puts thumbs down on gadgets and frills. She is fond of large rings, and wears a carnelian that covers half her hand.

Her favorite color is red. A scotch and soda is her favorite drink. A dinner of roast squab with a fudge sundae as dessert is her favorite dish. (Now we know what happened to our missing baby pigeon). Her pet peeve is people who make noise in the movies. Her one dislike is getting up in the morning. She smokes Phillip Morris cigarettes, when she does smoke, which isn't often. She has no lasting hobbies. She would rather watch sports than indulge in them, she does go in a bit for swimming and is fond of horseback riding. She is very fond of reading, preferring the modern authors of the better sort. Her traveling has been limited to as far as New Hampshire. She hopes some day to get as far as Egypt. She also hopes to own a wristwatch.

She is afraid of mice. She would rather encounter a burglar than a mouse, because to quote Norma, "You can reason with a burglar whereas you can't with a mouse". She has a temper which causes an occasional flare up. She is not the least bit superstitious. Despises cards, especially bridge. Likes tall men and Gary Cooper is her screen hero. She is rather extravagant, believing money is earned to be spent. She is sincere and frank. She considers a sense of humor of paramount importance in a person's make-up. She will either like or dislike a person, according to the amount or lack of it. She dislikes having her picture taken. She is fond of animals, but distance lends enchantment to them. She likes "Fats" Waller's music and the theatre. She is also given to moodiness.

GRAMPY!!
STOP THINKING—
THAT LIGHT
HAS THE HOUSE
FULL OF MOTHS



She came to the Studio in 1931 as a stenographer. She also attended the switchboard and guided visitors through the Studio. At present she is in the Story Dept. She is a Radio Magazine fan due to the fact that she pals around with a well known radio announcer. She is a "putter-off-er" and is forever letting things pile up. One thing she can't put off till tomorrow is tonight's sloop. Norma sleeps in flannels in the winter months. These summer nights find her sleeping a la raw. This is a bare fact.

SOME STUDIO KNOCK KNOCKS.

by Janet Fay and a couple of others.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Izzy. Izzy who? Izzy True What They Say About Dixie?

Knock, knock. Who's there? Abbey. Abbey who? Abbey Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal, You.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Lammey. Lammey who? Lammey Call you Sweetheart.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Vandever. Vandever who? Vandever Go From Here Boys?

Knock, knock. Who's There? Wanda. Wanda who? I Wanda What's Become of Sally?

Knock, knock. Who's there? Weber. Weber who? Stormy Weber.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Doris. Doris who? Doris Is A Tavern In The Town.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Sam. Sam who? Sam Of These Days.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Hemia. Hemia who? Hemia A Horse, A Great Big Horse.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Abbott. Abbott who? Abbott I Call It Love.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Jenssen. Jenssen who? Jenssen With Tears In My Eyes.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Otto. Otto who? You Otto Be In Pictures.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Jeff. Jeff who? Jeff See A Dream Walking?

Knock, knock. Who's there? Groth. Groth who? Groth My Heart.

Knock, knock. Who's there? Ben. Ben who? Ben Down Sister.

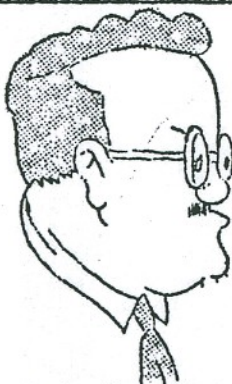
Knock, knock. Who's there? Seeschaaf. Seeschaaf who? Seeschaaf Have Music.

SO - YOU THINK YOU'D MAKE A
GOOD STERE OPTICIAN - BECAUSE
YOU'VE HAD SO MANY
SET-BACKS IN LIFE !



TINTYPES

By Robert A.



Dave Tendlar was born in Dayton, Ohio, the city of cash registers, and home of the first airplane, and of course the frigidaire. He doesn't remember much of his childhood except that he had a burning ambition to be a fireman. He wanted to ride in the rumble seat of a hook and ladder truck. He attended public schools and Stivers High School in the city of his birth. As a youngster he went in for cartooning and copying all sorts of pictures, and chose the wall paper (on the wall) for "bigger and broader fields." He did the art work for his high school paper. In 1926 his family moved to New York and Dave came along with them. It was the year of Valentino's death and Dave had visions of the cape of the "great lover" falling on his shoulders. This was his first disappointment in life.

Dave stands 5 feet 8 inches in height. If one of the weight guessers at Coney Island guessed his weight as 165 lbs. it would only be two pounds too much. He has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He has worn glasses for years. A neat moustache separates his upper lip from his nose. He shaved it off a few months ago but his wife insisted he cultivate it again. She felt as though she was living with a strange man. He has a couple of freckles on his face and arms. His favorite food is anything Roth's serve. He's going to show them this in hopes of a complimentary meal. He is particularly fond of starchy foods, and will eat potatoes, spaghetti and beans in one meal. Give him a glass of cider and he'll tell you it's his favorite drink. Give him two glasses and he'll tell you they're his favorite drinks. His favorite color is blue. He buys a pack of chiclets a week, chews half the pack and Bill Sturm chews the other half.

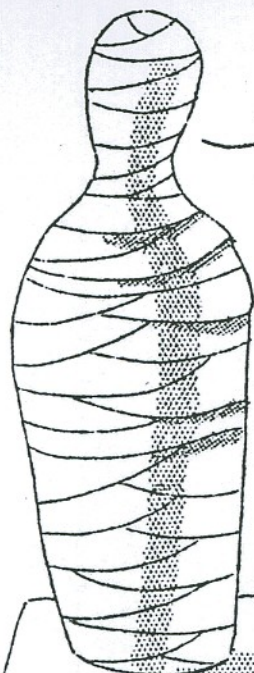
He is fond of all sports, swimming in particular. Saturdays and Sundays find him jumping the waves at Rockaway. His pet peeves are women drivers and pneumatic drills. Building model aeroplanes is his hobby. He smokes a pipe and prefers Briggs tobacco as a filler. The only time he smokes a cigar is when someone in the Studio has a baby. His reading material is confined to scenarios, Esquire and the Animated News. On his way to and from work he reads whatever paper the person next to him is reading. His temper comes to the surface when he is wearing new or tight shoes. He gets nervous when he is behind in footage. At present he has a flare for polo shirts. He prefers gray when he buys a new suit. He likes to play bridge, his wife is his favorite partner. Has the habit of "knocking wood" when things are going right. He is fond of animals. (he loves his group).

Dave came to the Studio in 1931 as an animator. He is now head of a group. He previously worked for "Out of the Inkwell." Prior to this he was an errand boy also a shipping clerk. He was married on March 11th 1933 to Beatrice R. Lang. This was the week after Roosevelt's inauguration and every bank in the

country was closed, they were married on credit. He met his wife on a blind date. Dave's favorite expression is "Can you beat that?" Before his marriage he used to sleep in his underwear. His wife insisted he wear pajamas. They compromised, he puts his pajamas over his underwear. This also saves laundry. He dreams a lot and one night he dreamed he was eating shredded wheat. When he woke up, half the mattress was missing.

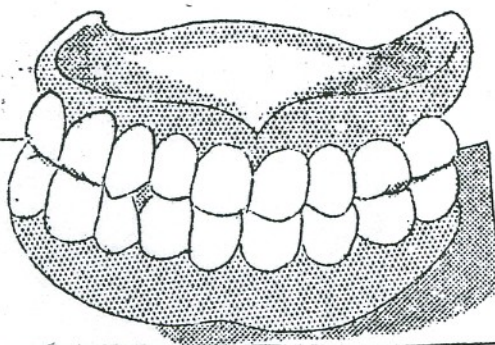
YE FLEISCHER CURIOSITY SHOP

(ALL CREATURES TO BE FOUND IN THE INKING DEPT)

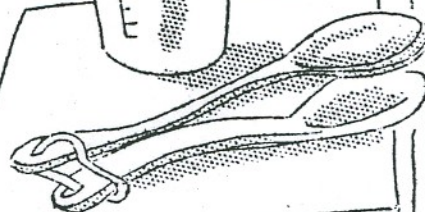


HA!
HA!

ELLSWORTH
BARTHEN'S
GAGS



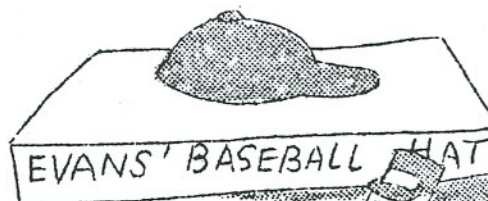
LOU FREEMAN'S GRIN



SAM ROBINSON'S
BOTTLE & SPOONS



LILLIAN LEVINE'S
WINDMILL



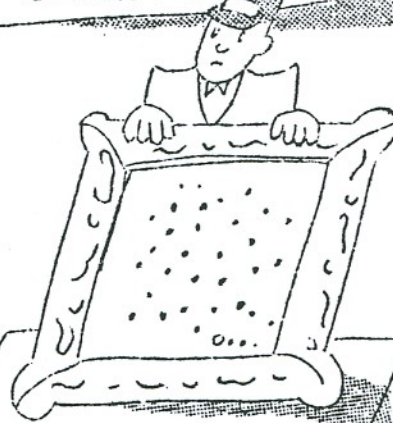
EVANS' BASEBALL HAT



BULLY SZENICS'
DAILY DRINK



ACKIE'S
SANDALS (?)



SALCWAS
STIPPLE
MASTERPIECE

LOU
FREE
MAN



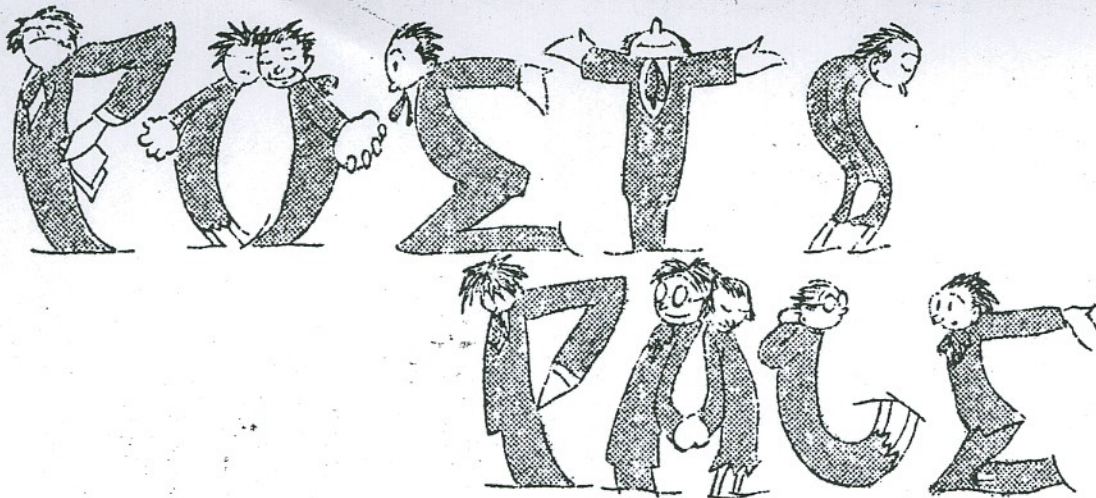
On Saturday, August 29th, Helen Kirsh, our tiny opaquer, becomes the bride of Mr. Al Berke. They will be married in Brooklyn, New York, by Reverend M. Grossman. The Reverend is a school day chum of the groom.

The wedding guests will be the immediate families of the bride and groom. Following the ceremony, there will be a small reception. The newly-weds plan a weeks honeymoon before taking up the task of housekeeping.

The entire Studio as well as the Animated News wish the couple much, much happiness.

GEORGE HILL





SUNBEAMS

Didja ever watch the fellers as the girls go passing by?
When they point at this and thata with a gleam right in their eye?

Didja ever stop to wonder that the girlies passing think?
"Is there any one amongst 'em that could buy a coat of mink?"

So be careful girls, when walking, and the sun is shining bright,
If you're passing here at lunch time, don't go walking in the light.

Edith Vernick.

SUMMER COMPLAINT

Although rose fever and colds are gone,
My work still hangs around minus,
You wonder why I'm weak and wan?
I'm having trouble with my sinus.

Bill Rollfs.

P. S. I can go on like this for months.

(Ed. Note: Not if the undertaker sees you first).

FROM A WIFFLE PIFFLE FAN

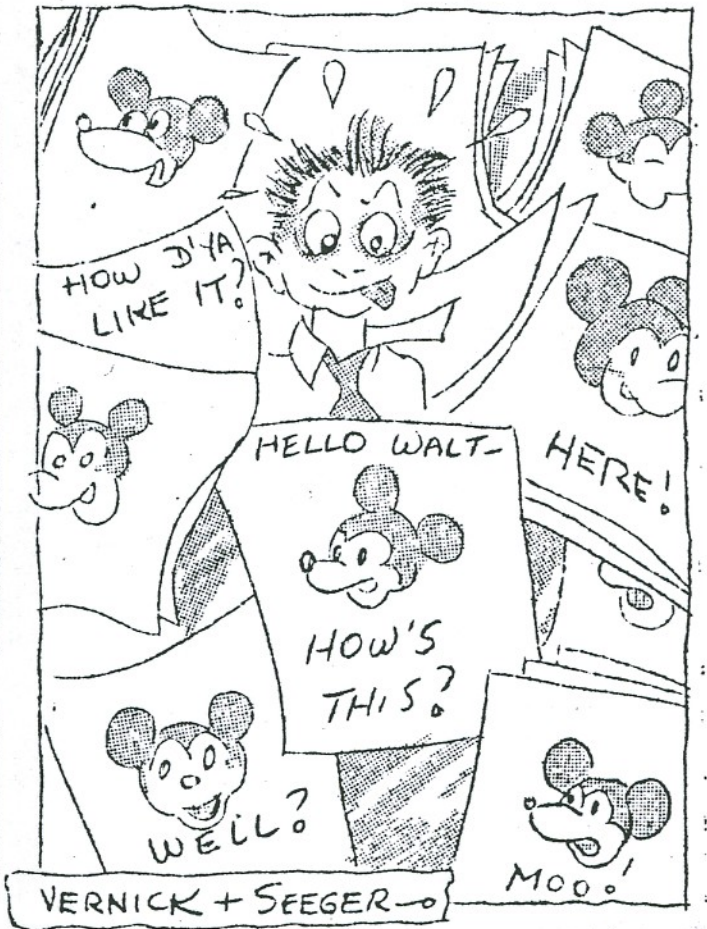
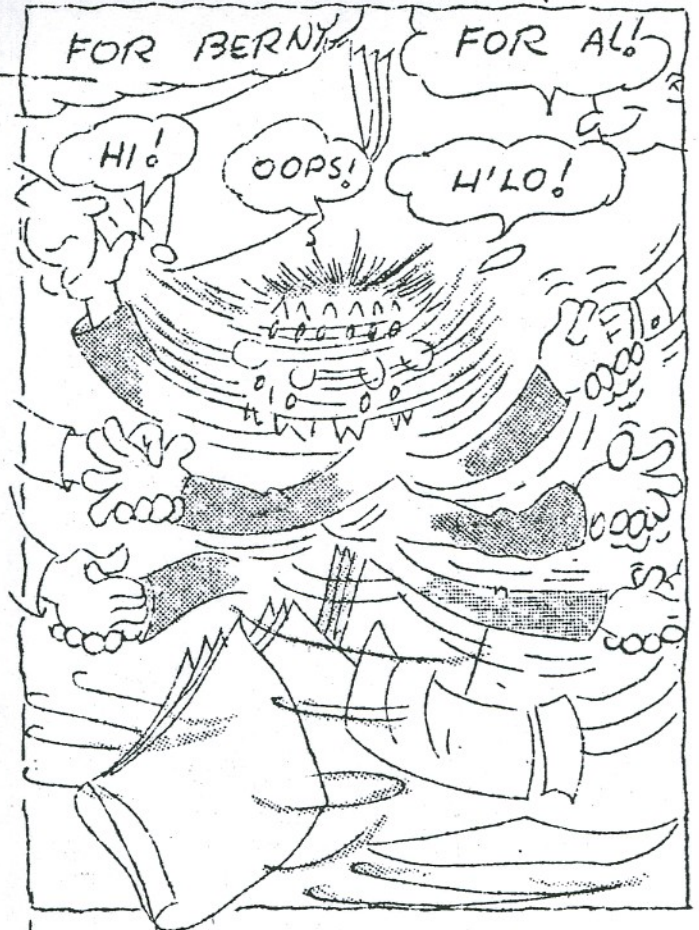
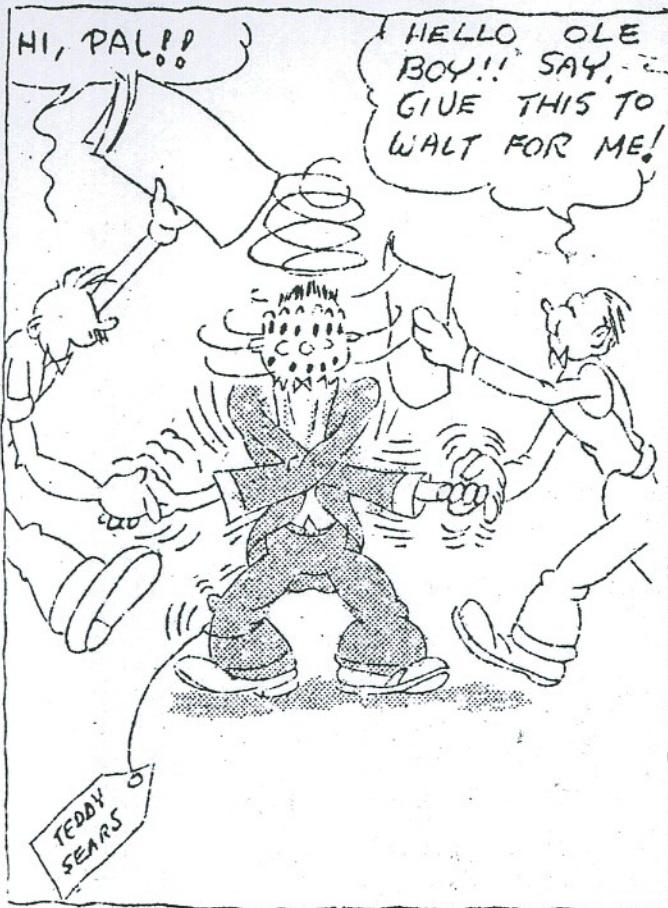
You folks who write of Popeye's might,
Who think that Bluto's quite alright,
Who claim that Olive Oyl's a scream,
And think that Botty is a dream.

Perhaps you think that Pudgy's cute,
That Fearless Fred is quite a beaut'.
And those who say that Grampy's smart,
Or maybe Jeep has won your heart.

You may think F. D. R. is great,
Or maybe Landon, praises rate,
But after all the praise and talk,
I'll trade 'em all for Piffle's walk.

Anonymous.

THE STUDIO HAS A VISITOR FROM DISNEY'S.



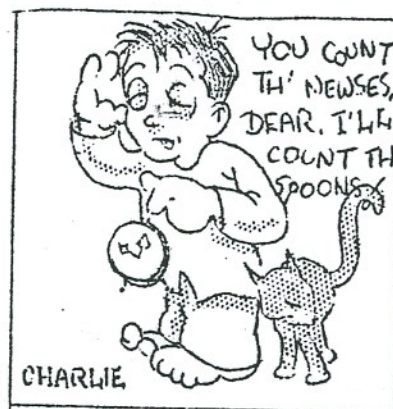
The RAMBLING REPORTER



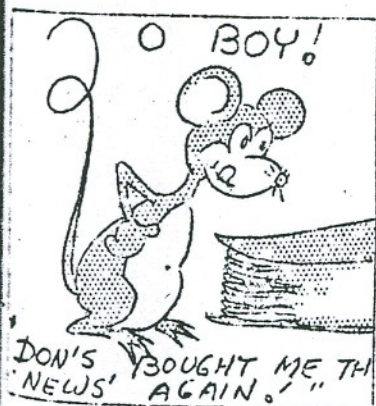
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR COPY OF THE ANIMATED NEWS AFTER YOU'VE READ IT?



Mae Schwartz: "I save all my copies and look through them every once in a while, because I find them very pleasant reading. That's if I see them before my nephew, who is nine months old, gets them."



Charlie Schettler: "The Animated News remains on the reading table for a week or two for the benefit of visiting friends. It's then filed away in the book case with the preceding issues."



Don Figlozzi: "Being an ol' collector, (rags, bones and bottles) I keep 'em on my desk to gather dust, mice, etc. Don't ask me why, otherwise I bring 'em home to Anne."



Toni DiPaola: "I save the ones that interest me and 'file' the rest. Honestly I do."



Florence Kraemer: "I do what probably most people do, put it in my drawer and forget about it until I 'clean house.' Then I read 'em all over again."



Fermin Rocker: "I regret I cannot furnish you with the accurate information regarding the fate of my copies. They disappear so quickly that I hardly manage to read them."

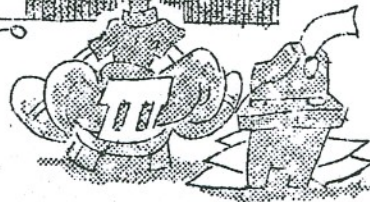
The above question was submitted by Beatrice Cypert. If you have a question to ask, submit it to the Editor before the first of the month.

The story of the hill-billy who went to town and saw a Popeye cartoon.

"Paw's been a-settin' thar since Sattiday tryin' to "toot-toot" on his damn pipe!



PREVIEWS



"HAPPY YOU AND MERRY ME"

Animation by:
Willard Bowsky Graham Place
Geo. Germanetti Dick Marion
Orestes Calpini Jake Ozark

Scenario by:
Dave Fleischer
Izzy Sparber

Pudgy returns to the screen in this latest Fleischer production in what will undoubtedly be a highly successful effort to add to his already large number of fans. Coupled with Betty Boop the small white puppy finds himself in another sympathetic role, in which he saves the life of a suffering kitten.

The baby cat, suffering from an acute stomach-ache from too much stolen candy, is saved when Pudgy brings home a package of catnip after a record breaking dash to the drug store.

The happy ending is considerably enhanced by a very funny gag fadeout.

"HAWAIIAN BIRDS"

Animation by:
Myron Waldman Herman Cohen
Hicks Lokey Frank Endres
Sam Stimson Ted Vosk
Lillian Friedman

Scenario by:
Bill Turner

One of the most beautiful Fleischer productions to date, this picture boasts also a story which holds the interest of the observer to the final fadeout.

The tale deals with the adventures of a brightly colored bird seeking his mate, lured away from him by a troupe of "big city" birds who entice her to the metropolis.

After many disappointments the leading man and his girl friend are reunited and the picture ends on a happy note. Erich Schenk, Johnny Burks and their respective gangs, rate bows on this one for exceptionally good backgrounds, setbacks and stereopticon effects.

HI-LITES OF THE MONTH

BY ~~FED~~ GREEN

LODSMAN!



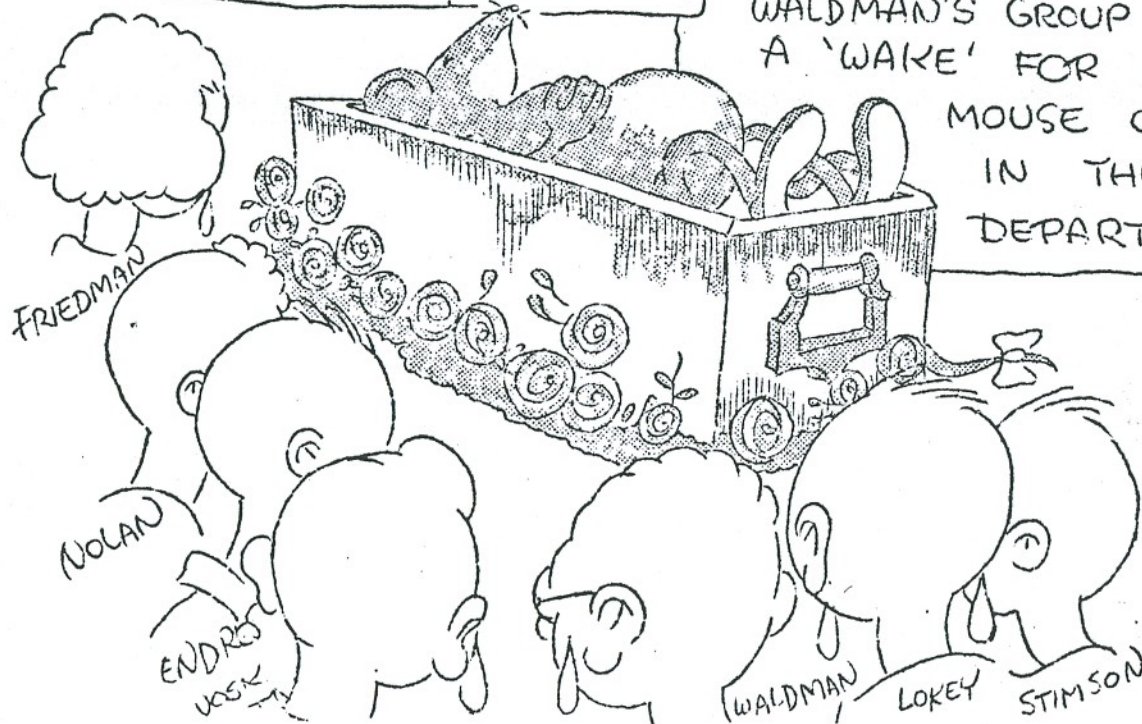
WHELAN'S JOHNNY
MOORE MISTOOK
BEN SOLOMON'S
TAN FOR BEN'S
NATURAL COLOR.

WALDMAN'S GROUP HELD
A 'WAKE' FOR THE
MOUSE CAUGHT
IN THEIR
DEPARTMENT.

WHEW!
GUESS I'M
OUTA
TRAINING!

NEW YORK
1800 MI.

FED SEARS, FROM TH'
COAST, PAID US A FLYING
VISIT - AN' DONATED A
BOOK TO TH' LIBRARY.



STILL MORE POETRY

WRITTEN WHILE WAITING FOR SAM.

by Edith Vernick.

I came in here to talk to you,
An' thought I'd read some letters too,
But, shucks, the visit was in vain,
And here am I, all tired again,
From walking to and from my room,
Why, Shimka, dear, you'll be my doom,
But here is what I wanna say:
On C6-3 there'll be delay,
'Cause all the guys on color now
Will work on Betty soon, and how,
I think 'cause it's so hot today
We should get off. Hey! whaddaya say?
Then Seymour's group can stay and work
If that's O. K. our work we'll shirk.

TO BILL ROLLS

by Ellen Jenssen.

Rave on, Bill Rolfs, Rave on!
(He rages!)
You never seem to suffer, save on
These pages,
Your work's as good as an ambitious beaver's is
You haven't lived 'til you know what hay fever is.

DID YOU KNOW THAT?

MY KINGDOM
FOR A PAIR
OF EARMUFFS!

BY ~~GEORGE~~ HILL



LOU FLEISCHER
ONCE CONDUCTED
A SCHOOL OF
MUSIC IN TH' BRONX?

"IF I HAD TH'
WINGS OF AN ANGEL!"

ROBBED OF ALL HIS CLOTHES
EXCEPT HIS 'SHORTS' WHILE
SWIMMING A COUPLA YEARS
AGO. **LARRY LIPPMAN**
SPENT A COUPLE HOURS IN
JAIL TILL 'RESCUERS' ARRIVED?



AND THAT-

VERA COLEMAN SAVED
SOME \$20,000 OF THE
STUDIOS' MONEY WHEN TH'
BANK DOWNSTAIRS FOLDED UP
ACTHD SHE TOOK A BEATING-
FIGHTING HER WAY TO
A WINDOW T'GET TH' DOUGH?